

The Witch Hunter System #Chapter 11 Just Getting Started - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 11 Just Getting Started

Two years ago, Lord Manfred would have never thought he would run into another who shared the same look like him—the look of disgust when seeing a woman-dominant society.

In the old era, before the Realm of Gehenna descended and changed the world, bringing death and desolation amidst the emergence of mana three hundred years ago, something like a female-dominant society would have never existed.

Nowadays, there were few men in the seven witch kingdoms that still believed in the traditions of the old era.

It was stranger that such a look would appear on a 16-year-old orphan in the slums, where each day was a fierce battle of survival as slum dwellers competed for leftover food and pity donations.

An orphan like Vaan would not have survived in the slums for so long if he had not already learned the means of survival.

And yet, such a person was clueless when he found him.

Although Lord Manfred did not believe in reincarnation, he could not find a better explanation for this paradox.

Nevertheless, Lord Manfred did not care whether Vaan was a Reincarnator or not. What he truly valued was his mindset as someone who is used to a male-dominant society.

‘I’m not sure what Vaan learned in the academy, but he seemed to have found the means to become stronger... I didn’t sense any aura on his body, but the vibe he gave me was that of a Rank-1 Aura Warrior...’ Lord Manfred mused.

His intuition shouldn’t be wrong.

‘If he can continue to grow and reach the same level as a Rank-2 Aura Master, I should introduce him into our circle...’ Lord Manfred tapped his finger on the table repeatedly in thought.

He once gave up on this idea when Vaan showed no potential to become stronger due to his unique physique.

But now that Vaan showed the potential, things would naturally change.

'For now, I will continue to watch him,' Lord Manfred decided.

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After stepping outside Lord Manfred's room, Vaan's calmness faded as he slowly clenched his fist with a determined look.

'To become an Abomination is to become an outcast, accepted by neither humans nor demons, and hunted on sight by both races... If the Wyvern-class Abomination continues to head north towards the Ashfallen Forest, it's going to be killed.'

Although Vaan wasn't sure what he could accomplish, he had to chase after the Wyvern-class Abomination.

He could not leave Eniwse to suffer such a tragic fate.

Even so, he knew that leaving the city as he is was tantamount to suicide. Therefore, he had to complete his preparations quickly before he could leave.

Vaan steadied his breathing and emotion before heading down to the lower floors. As soon as he arrived in front of room no.7 on the third floor, he pushed open the doors immediately.

A pinkish atmosphere immediately painted the room as Grissel waited for him on the bed in a revealing and stimulating nightgown.

"You've arrived sooner than I thought," Grissel smiled seductively.

"A gentleman knows better than to keep a lady waiting," Vaan replied casually as he closed the door on his way in.

"A gentleman, huh? Hehe, if you say so," Grissel chuckled and said with an alluring smile before lifting one of her smooth legs over the other and inviting him.

However, Vaan did not approach her immediately.

He swept the room with his gaze before he quickly noticed it was a new room, neat and clean, without any strange smell or any other men besides him in the room.

"It seems you didn't play around while you were waiting for me," Vaan stated.

Instead of approaching Grissel, Vaan pulled out a chair from under the table and sat down before looking back at her provokingly.

Grissel immediately narrowed her eyes.

Shortly after, she got up from the bed and walked over to Vaan before she saddled herself on his lap and began undressing him from the top.

“For a so-called gentleman, you sure have an attitude, hm? Making me come to you...” Grissel pursed her lips before saying, “Did you think I would just find any man after you gave me a taste of your technique?”

Suddenly, Grissel pulled Vaan’s head closer until their met face-to-face directly before she added, “After making me wait on you, don’t expect to leave this room in one piece if you fail to satisfy me.”

He snuck his arms under her legs and lifted her entire body off his lap before carrying her back to the bed.

“You don’t have to worry about that. I might not be confident in many things, but my pleasure skills are definitely one of them,” Vaan assured coolly before stating, “I’ll have you begging me to stop within three rounds.”

“Three rounds? Don’t be ridiculous. Who do you think I—Ahnnn~!”

No matter how good Vaan’s pleasure skills were, Grissel did not believe he could finish her in three rounds. If she wanted, she could last the entire night!

However, Vaan suddenly attacked the erogenous zones on Grissel’s back and sent an electrifying yet pleasant sensation rushing throughout her body, causing her to let out a sudden cry of euphoria.

“W-wait, don’t start so suddenly! I was not ready for—Mmmm~!”

Grissel’s body quivered in pleasure as Vaan continued to attack different erogenous zones on her body with his nimble hands, sending waves after waves of blissful sensation, bringing her body into a relaxed state as her pores opened up.

In that instance, the mana in the surroundings automatically rushed into her body, enriching her experience and pleasure.

Grissel’s breathing quickly became haggard, and a sense of weakness spread throughout her body as she felt an unprecedented level of comfort.

Vaan’s pleasure skill was far too different from what she was used to. He was on a whole different level compared to the other men at the brothel.

For her body to be brought to such a state with just a few touches, just thinking about what followed had her body trembling with anticipation and concern.

“Don’t fall asleep yet. We’re just getting started,” Vaan calmly stated as he undressed the rest of his clothes.

When the last piece dropped, the shadows of Vaan’s rod loomed over Grissel’s face, causing her eyes to widen with alarm. She was startled by its size.

“H-How can it be so big?!” Grissel gulped.

Compared to the average male witch descendant with the potential to become Aura Masters, Vaan’s body proportions were thinner than most.

But even then, their tools weren’t this impressive.

“Surprised? I’m rather proud of my natural endowment—if nothing else,” Vaan casually stated.

It was as if his body was born perfectly to master the Heavenly Massage, making him the natural predator of all women. And yet, they cannot help but throw themselves at him once they have a taste of his technique.

Despite being a proud woman with a superior gender mentality, Grissel was already suppressed by the sight of Vaan’s rod as if it was the natural order of things, making her turn meek.

Even Grissel did not expect the man in front of her to bring out such a side of her.

She felt ashamed and humiliated, but she could not muster the strength to resist—no, more precisely, her body did not want to resist.

Vaan flipped Grissel around and continued to massage her back, targeting her erogenous zones and acupoints, stimulating her senses to pleasure and ability to absorb mana quicker.

As Grissel’s surroundings became rich in a higher concentration of mana, Vaan benefited by absorbing a small portion of it.

All witches and witch descendants were endowed with the natural constitution to absorb the mana that leaked from the Realm of Gehenna into the world.

Thus, even if male witch descendants could not manipulate mana, their bodies are still strengthened by mana, allowing them to enjoy longer lifespans and greater strength than those without it.

However, after Vaan awakened his senses, he noticed the mana flowed directly into his Heaven-Swallowing Space and stirred minor changes.

'As expected, all the mana that my body should have absorbed over the years was fed to the Heaven-Swallowing Space,' Vaan confirmed his suspicion.

Why did Heaven-Swallowing Space possess the size of a small town? Why is his physique smaller than other witch descendants?

These doubts were answered in that instance.

'And because the Heaven-Swallowing Space is connected to my mind, the mana strengthened my mind instead? This would explain why I have great tenacity and intelligence...' Vaan pondered.

He always thought it was strange that he could quickly learn new techniques and clearly remember everything he read.

Even he was not this bright in his past life. He did attribute it to the new body's natural gift, but it was not as simple as he initially thought.

'Transformed mana is still mana, huh?' Vaan mused.

Suddenly, Vaan felt Grissel's body squirming as she turned her head back to look at him with infatuation.

"It would be a waste to stop at this point, wouldn't it?" Vaan smiled before embracing his Grissel from behind as she nodded vehemently.

He could reap maximum gains through more intimate means of contact with witches.

In other words, he had to make love to them. But considering the benefits enjoyed by both parties without mutual feelings in place, it was more appropriate to call it dual cultivation.

Nevertheless, Vaan wasn't some impatient virgin.

He proceeded to tease Grissel's supple twin peaks and rubbed his little brother against her honeypot, oozing with love nectar.

"Did you know? Pleasure is divided into five different levels," Vaan suddenly whispered into Grissel's ears as he continued to tease her, causing her heart to skip a beat.

His tone gave her a strange sense of excitement and anticipation.

“Pleasure is divided into five different levels? It’s my first time hearing that. What are they?” Grissel’s curiosity was piqued.

Vaan proceeded to press a few acupoints located in her lower belly before he casually replied, “The first level is Indifference. At this level, while feeling it, you neither enjoy it nor dislike it.”

His rod abruptly smoothly penetrated her cave of wonders in that instance, and yet oddly enough, she neither enjoyed it nor disliked it despite feeling it.

Grissel quickly frowned at the dull sense of fulfillment.

It was at the same level as pleasuring herself, which is disappointing considering the man possessed such an impressive rod.

Nevertheless, Vaan was unconcerned by Grissel’s thoughts.

“The second level is Interest. The sense of pleasure at the Interest-level isn’t outstanding, but it is enough to leave a lingering impression, making the body desire a second experience,” Vaan continued to explain.

He pressed and massaged a few acupoints on Grissel’s lower belly again before thrusting his hips a second time.

“Mmm~!” a soft moan escaped Grissel’s lips.

A look of wonder shortly dawned on her face as the feeling between the two thrusts was completely different.

The second time was so much memorable.

“Incredible...”

Grissel muttered with her eyes closed as if savoring in its aftertaste. As Vaan said, it left an impression on her.

But because she experienced something subpar first, the impression of the second sensation was even more significant than usual.

“Most men in brothels and massage parlors are usually around this level. Not exactly great, but enough to work in this industry. In other words, they are average,” Vaan stated.

“The third level is Addiction. The best of the industry are all capable of performing at this level of pleasure,” Vaan pressed Grissel’s acupoints and gave her another thrust as he teased her with a question, “But can you guess what level I’m at?”

“Ahhhh~!” Grissel cried with pleasure.

Her lower body quivered with euphoric delight from the sensation of the third thrust spreading out to the rest of her body. Her honey pot quickly oozed with a larger amount of love nectar, and her mind ascended cloud nine.

Shortly after, Grissel succumbed to a sudden weakness as her body felt soft like jelly.

She had climaxed—climaxed by the third thrust.

Such a thing would have been unthinkable in the past, but she just experienced it. Since when was her body this sensitive?

“I don’t know what level you’re at, but I’m at least experienced enough to know that this is the best in the industry... All men at this level of skill usually don’t work in brothels anymore...” Grissel spoke weakly.

Such men are usually monopolized by the Senior Witches, taken away to be their personal servants.